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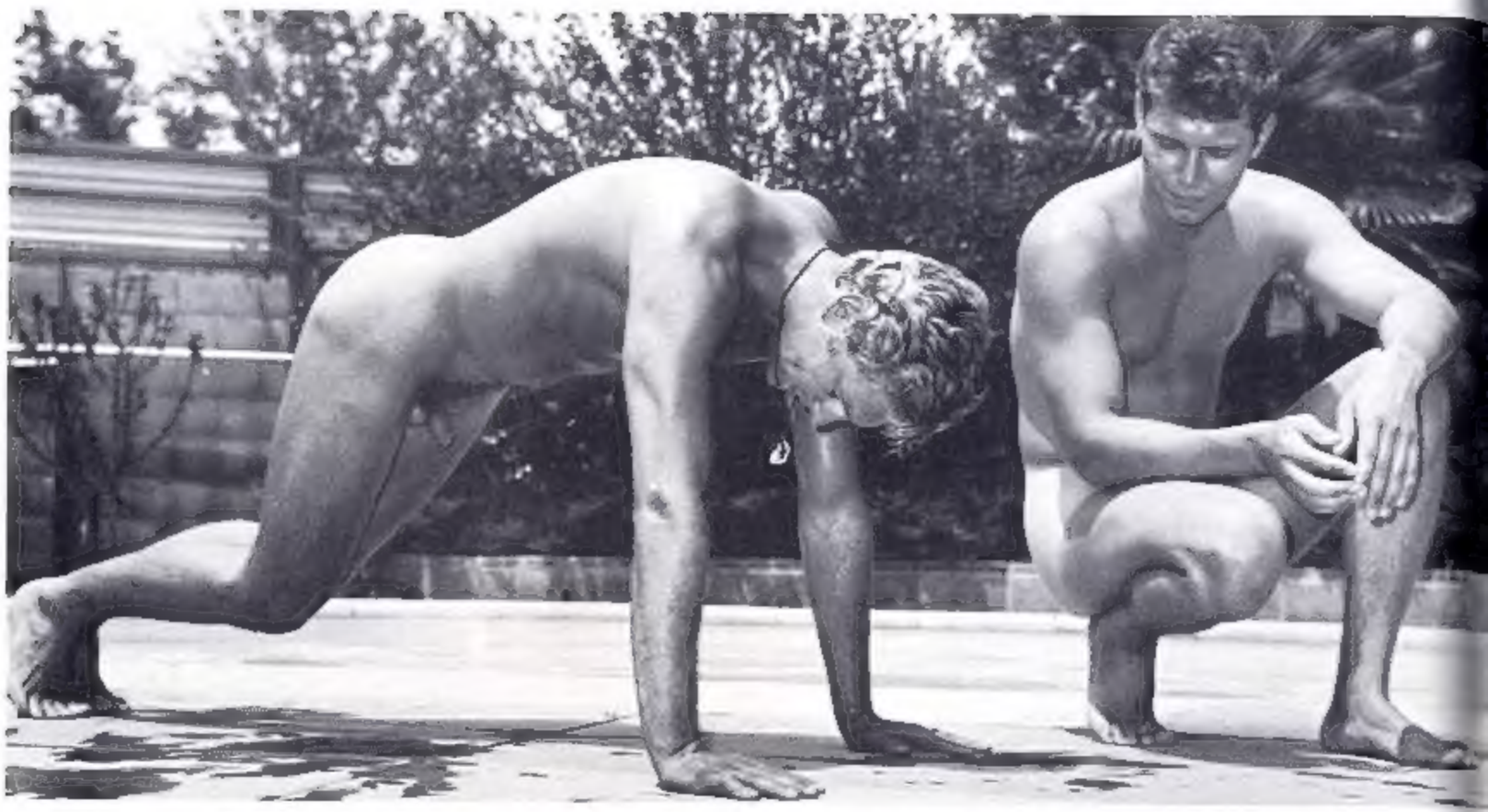
The Secrets of Nudism

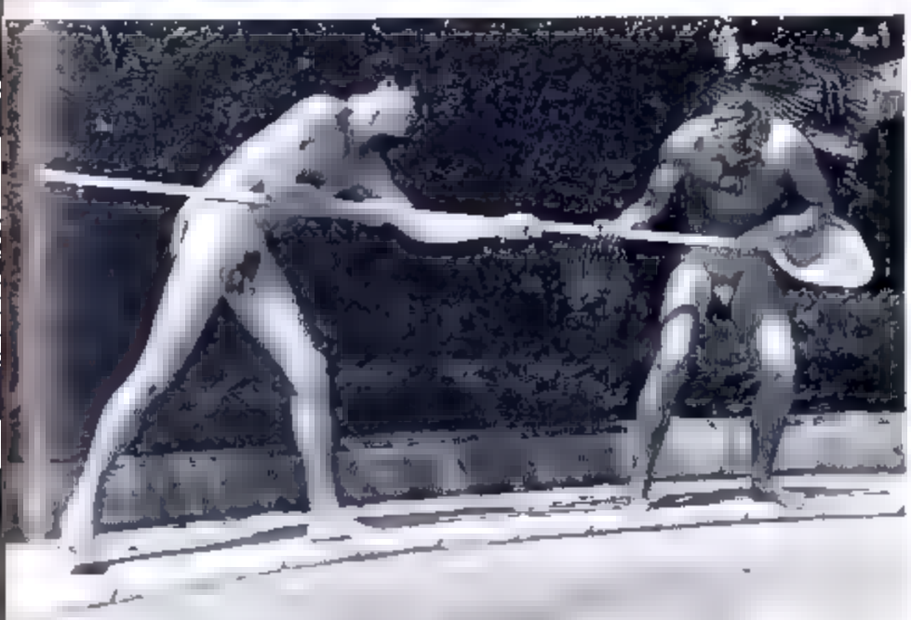
One of the surprising things about a first visit to a nudist park is the immediately apparent fact that no one uses his last name. This might give rise to the notion, mistaken of course, that nudists are afraid to identify themselves or that there is some degree of secrecy in the nudist movement, its activities or its attitudes that might make members ashamed of their affiliation.

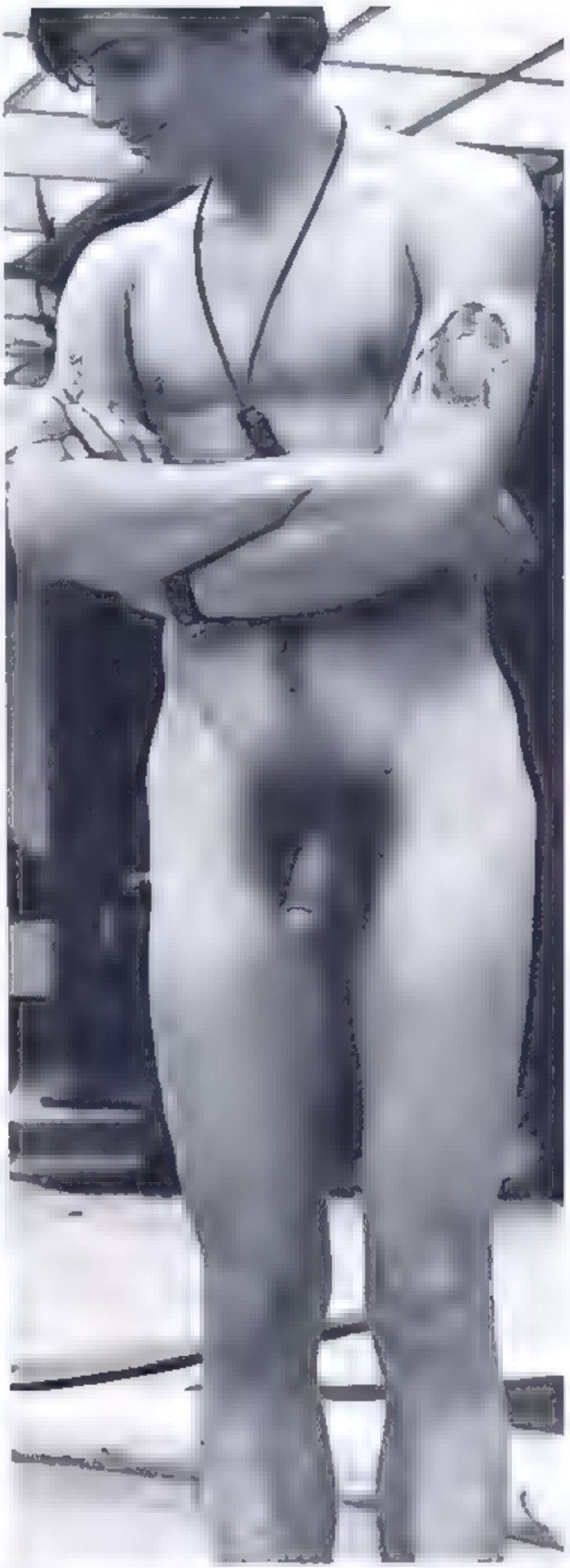
This is all nonsense, of course. There is nothing shameful or secret in the nudist movement, but it is true that most nudist park members know each other only by their first names.



It's obvious then that the outsider of the nudist movement can ask the questions, and it's easy for those in the movement to answer them.

Most nudists are ashamed only of the fact that they do maintain a little bit of reluctance in telling the world in general that they are nudists. For one thing, the world in general is not really interested that much, but more importantly, nudists know that there still is a great deal of misunderstanding about nudists' motives on the part of some non-nudists.



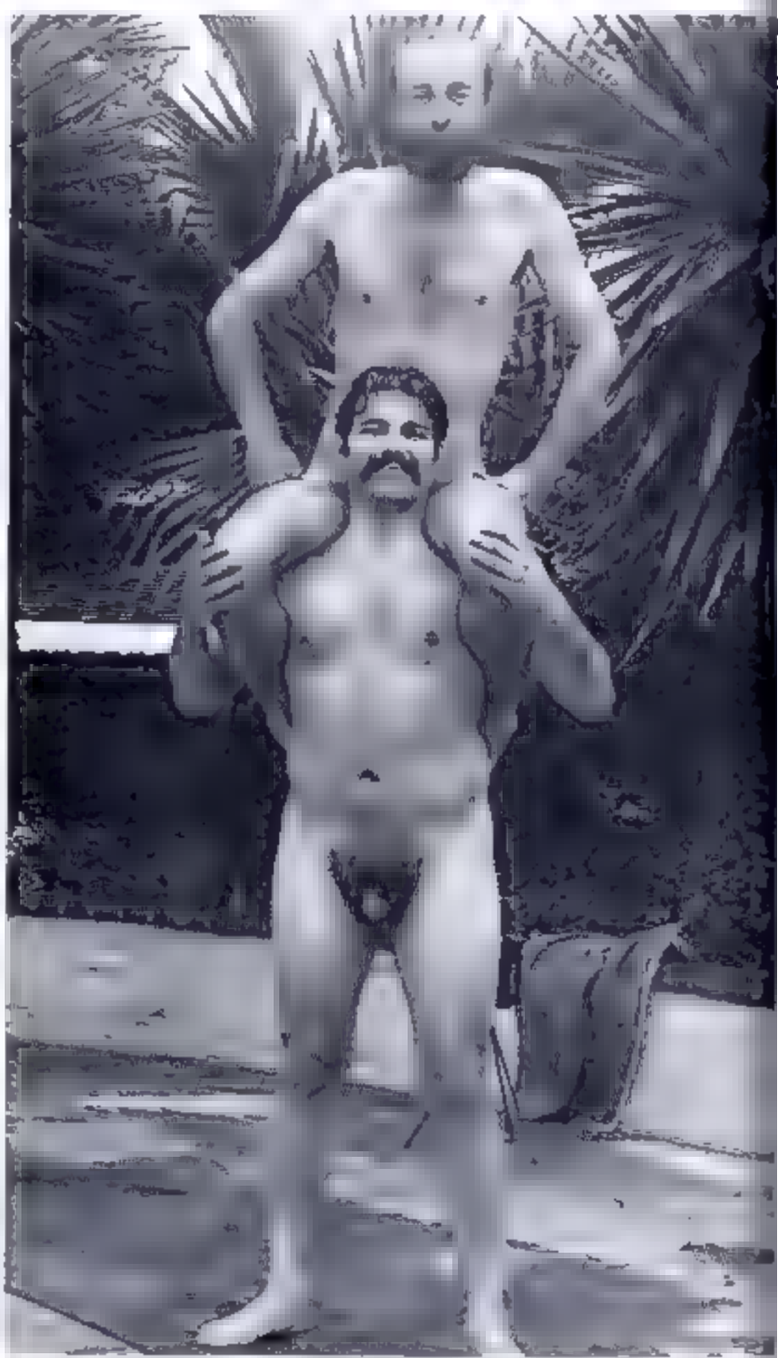


Unfortunately some of those misinformed non-nudists are often in position to make life miserable for any nudist they happen to have any control over. For this reason most nudists would rather not have to be put in a position of defending their beliefs against the already closed minds of these who hold the naked body to be obscene.

Despite the great advancements made in public acceptance of nudity there are still those who suspect that something is wrong with the practice and who would deny their business to any nudist businessman for example. The nudist who knows people with such attitudes is right in withholding the fact of his own nudism from them.

Fortunately, however, the question does not come up very often. Nudism or non-nudism might be likened to one's politics. For the most part it's no one else's business, and only trustworthy friends are likely to ask about one's nudism or his politics.

The "secrecy" maintained by many nudists about their park affiliations is simply discretion. Nudists are not at all afraid of their beliefs, and when they know their friends, they are happy to tell them about the wonderful benefits of the natural way of life

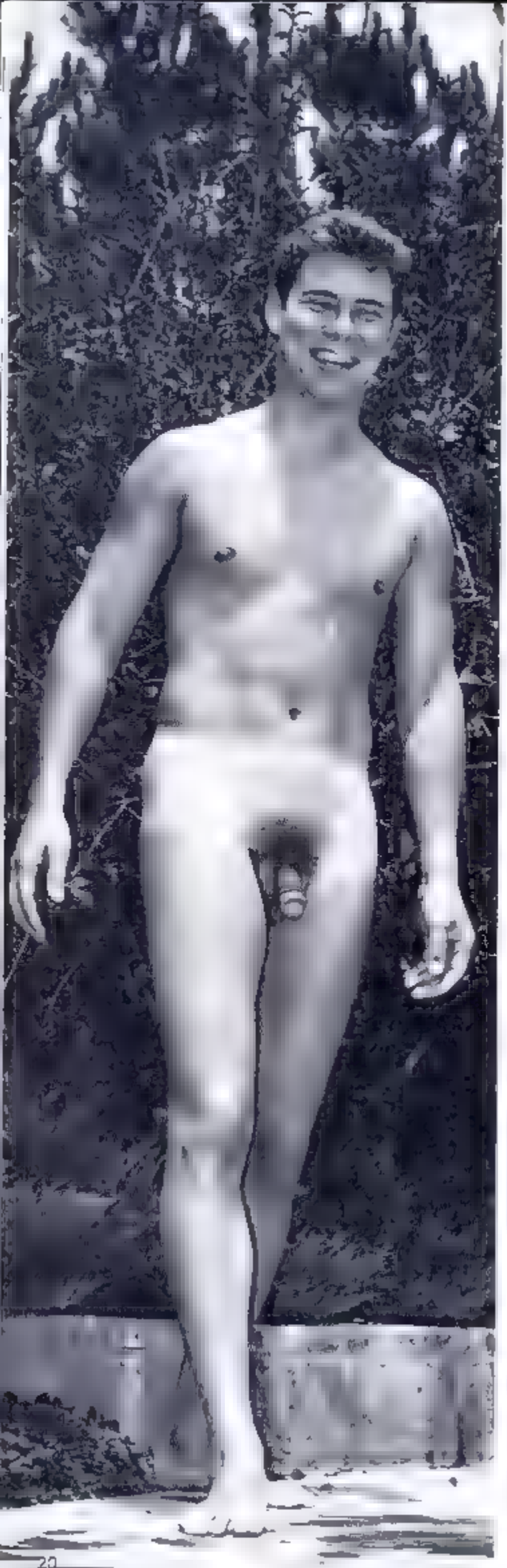


in nakedness of spirit . . .

a prose poem in exaltation of life, for individualists only!

The pleasure of a child discovering the wind; the tickle of a breeze on bare feet, the soft, gentle rain of spring . . . these things are pure, delightful as only pure things can be . . . in my nakedness of spirit I have discovered nature and man, the hush that comes at twilight, the shadows that pull the night across the grass . . . the first call of the nightbirds deep in the silent

woods . . . these things are all a part of me, a part of my nakedness, a part of my very being . . . I have watched the endless vees of wildfowl whirring along invisible paths to the sunny southland of my childhood, and I have wondered how they know their destination . . . my own destination? . . . I see it in a morning leaf outside my window, I see it in the breath of summer, the pale fingers of winter, the gentle frost of autumn changing the brown leaves and leaves loosing their skeletons to crinkle underfoot as I walked an October road . . . where am I going? It



doesn't matter as long as I am going as my nature intended as long as I know it will only be this one time that I pass by and can see beauty, taste it, feel it, pass it on to those whom I love . . . the world is mine, and I can tell you that I share it with you . . . all the mystery of things, the life in the cocoon, the fluttering butterfly, the laughter of children, the low cooing of turtle doves wooing on a branch, the thickets bursting with flushed quail, the smell of damp ferns, the blue stillness of a mountain lake . . . the hum of skis on a slope of purest snow . . . my

body is the most important part of me . . . and I am proud to live in it, to see with it, to think with it, to touch the one I love . . . to kiss, to taste, to turn laughing and naked through a forest glade, the sun warm on my bare skin . . . my body is my temple, the source of my poetry, the wellspring of my being . . . I exult in its good health, I am enraptured by its muscles, and I give thanks that it serves me so well . . . the days, the nights, the seasons that I live with myself and my wonderful land are part of me . . . I am no more than the smallest creature, no less than the highest mountain . . . I am all things and I am with all things . . . the baby chick emerging from the egg, the eagle soaring aloft on strong wings . . . the sheep lost in the meadow . . . the cry of a newborn baby in the wilderness of the world . . . this is my self . . . I cry out in purity of spirit, in naked wonder!

RAINY DAY

NUDIS

ST

Nudism isn't all blue skies and sunny weather. So what happens when those April or November showers come along?

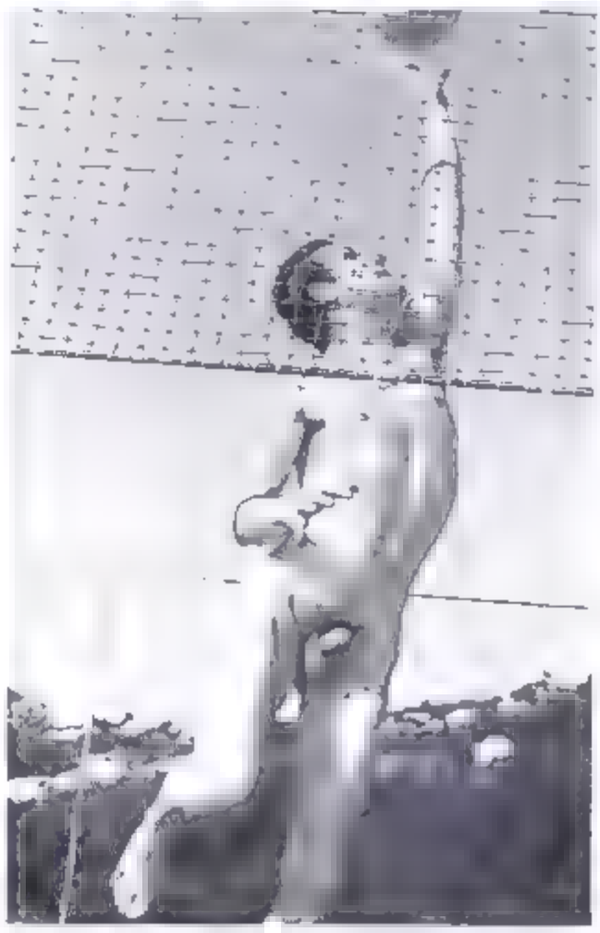
The young couple driving to the nudist park were nervous, apprehensive. They had accepted their invitation, but still, they had never appeared nude before other people, strangers. The day was overcast, but it promised to be sunny. When they drove through the gate at the park, clouds had filled the sky. When they were introduced to the park manager and his wife, drops of rain began to fall.

The clubhouse was filled with people. Most of them were nude. As the rain began to fall heavily, others from outside came in. Everyone huddled over cups of coffee. The would-be nudists began to get more nervous. The atmosphere inside the clubhouse grew taut. Some of the guests began to grumble. The young couple looked droppy. It was obvious that their day was ruined.

Or was it. Just as the y.c. were miniously back to the city and out of nudism forever one jolly old trotted outside to the pool rain. Before you could say ming like a seal. The ice was broke others went out and caught rain their mouths, dove in the pool and in general behaved like children having the time of their lives.

The young couple was encouraged to disrobe and suffice to say, embraced the nudist idea from that day forward. It could have turned out differently, because people, some people anyway, do have mixed emotions about rainy days.

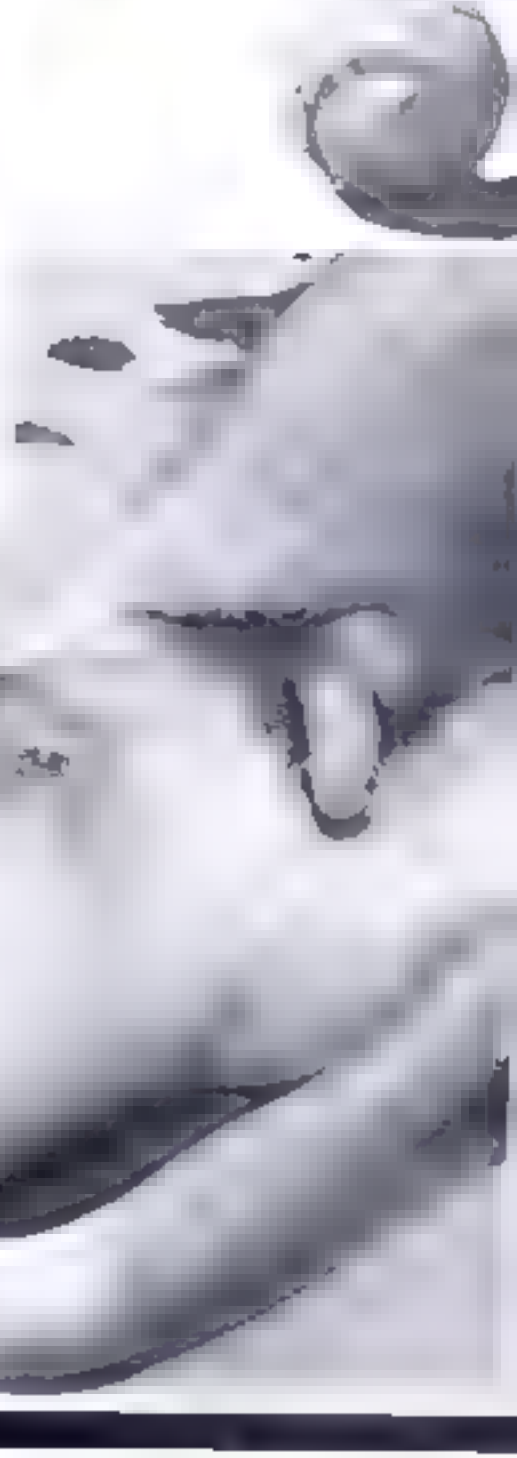
However, as the saying goes, into each life a little rain must fall. Even into the lives of sun-loving nudists. But does that stop them from enjoying nudism? Well, it shouldn't. The



above incident of course, happened in a moderate clime, and the weather was quite warm. In the northern states, it would not be advisable for the average nudist to go tripping nude through a cold rain.

But there is no reason to pout and remain miserable when showers begin to fall. If it's raining too hard to go to the park, don't stay indoors and sulk the whole weekend. Being a nudist doesn't mean you can only enjoy the freedom from restrictive clothing at the nudist park.

Many nudists today enjoy rainy days at home, much the same way as they would have at the park. If they wish to be alone, they can do their reading, sewing, puzzle-working just the same—and in the nude. As long as it's not raining indoors, the freedom is the same. Of course you miss the benefits of the sun, but remember, the sun will come back another day.



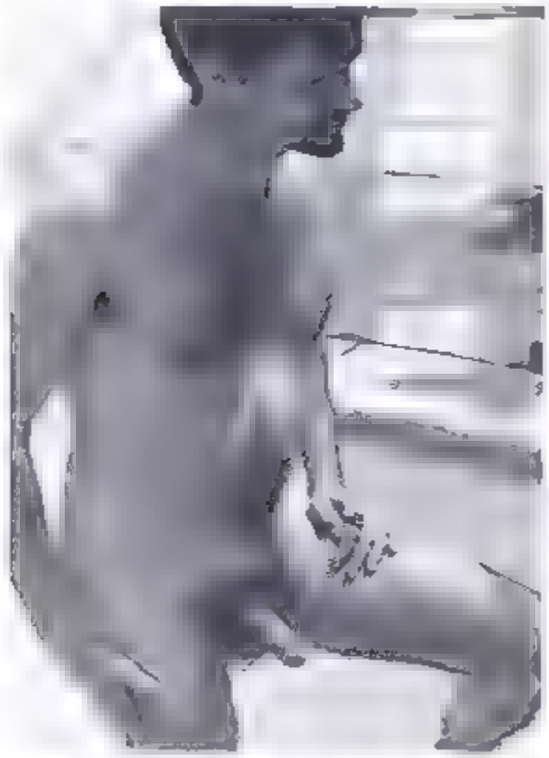
If you like company and know other nudists in your neighborhod you can do what many modern nudists do. Invite them over for an indoor get together a feed or a game-playing session. Some ideas that we have enjoyed might help to make your next rainy day a more pleasant and memorable one

There are numerous games that people love to play and since the advent of that one-eyed monster the TV set, have almost forgotten Ouija board on gloomy Saturday afternoons, to the delight of all pre We mean games like scrabble, Monoply, and the like. There are many variations of these games, and most

are available at little cost. We even know nudists who have worked the sent. And of course there is that old standby—charades, which is probably the most hilarious of parlor games.

Now, suppose that cold hard rain should begin to fall *after* you've driven two hundred and fifty miles to the park and planned your whole weekend, what then? Are you going to turn right around and go back without even giving yourself a chance? Of course not. You're going to make that rainy weekend into a worthwhile one.

Rainy days at camp are good times to really get to know your fellow clubmembers. There was a couple you had been meaning to introduce yourself to, but were always on the volleyball court or playing shuffleboard. There were those plans you meant to discuss with the park managers, who were always too busy with other guests.



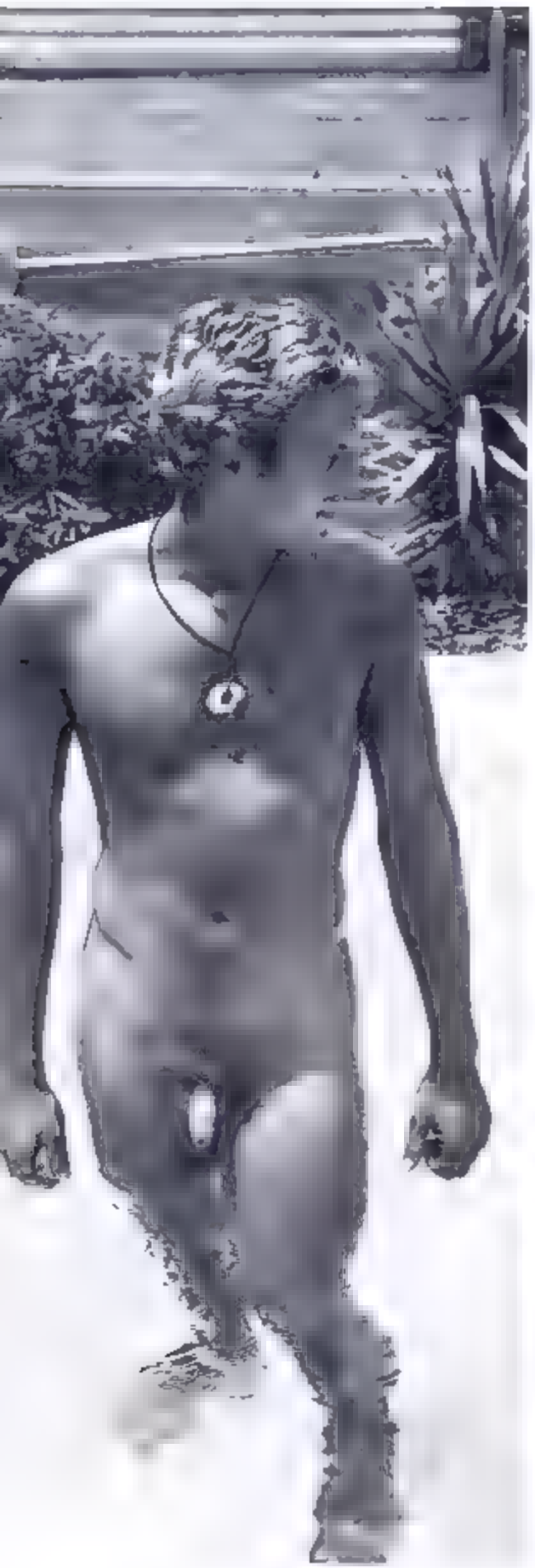
In short, rainy days should be turned to productive or entertaining use. The main thing is to wipe that glum expression off your face. Smile. Don't stay bundled up in bulky clothing and feel sorry for yourself. Think back to the time when you were a kid and drank your first rainwater right out of the air. You may have even run outside the house with no clothes on. Nudism, you see, is as right as rain.

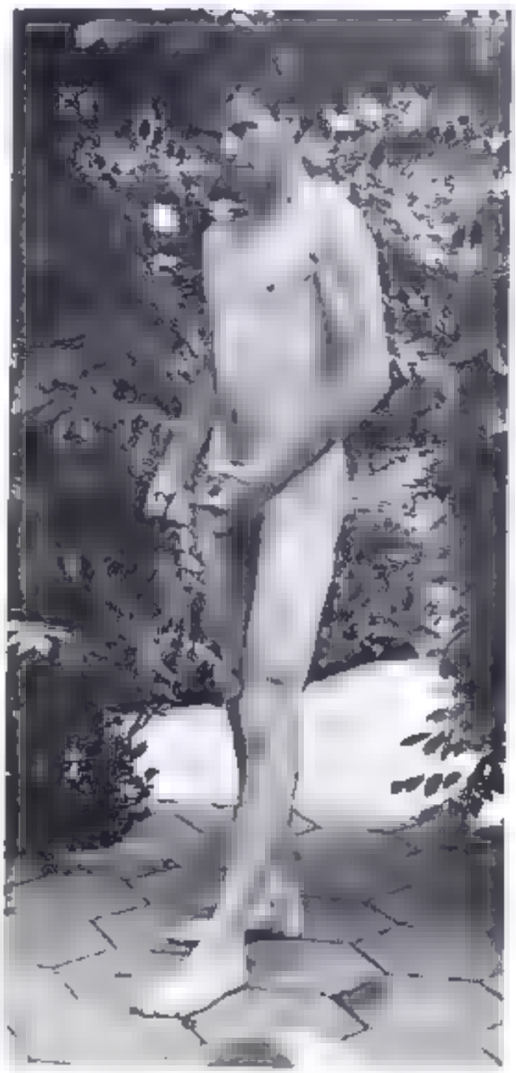
DANCE

NAKED

There is a kinship between nudity and dancing that goes back to the earliest years of history. Something in the expressive freedom of the dance seems to warrant shedding all of one's clothing and becoming part of the wind and the sun.

The earliest forms of dancing, religious and fertility rites were always performed by nude dancers. During our own era, we



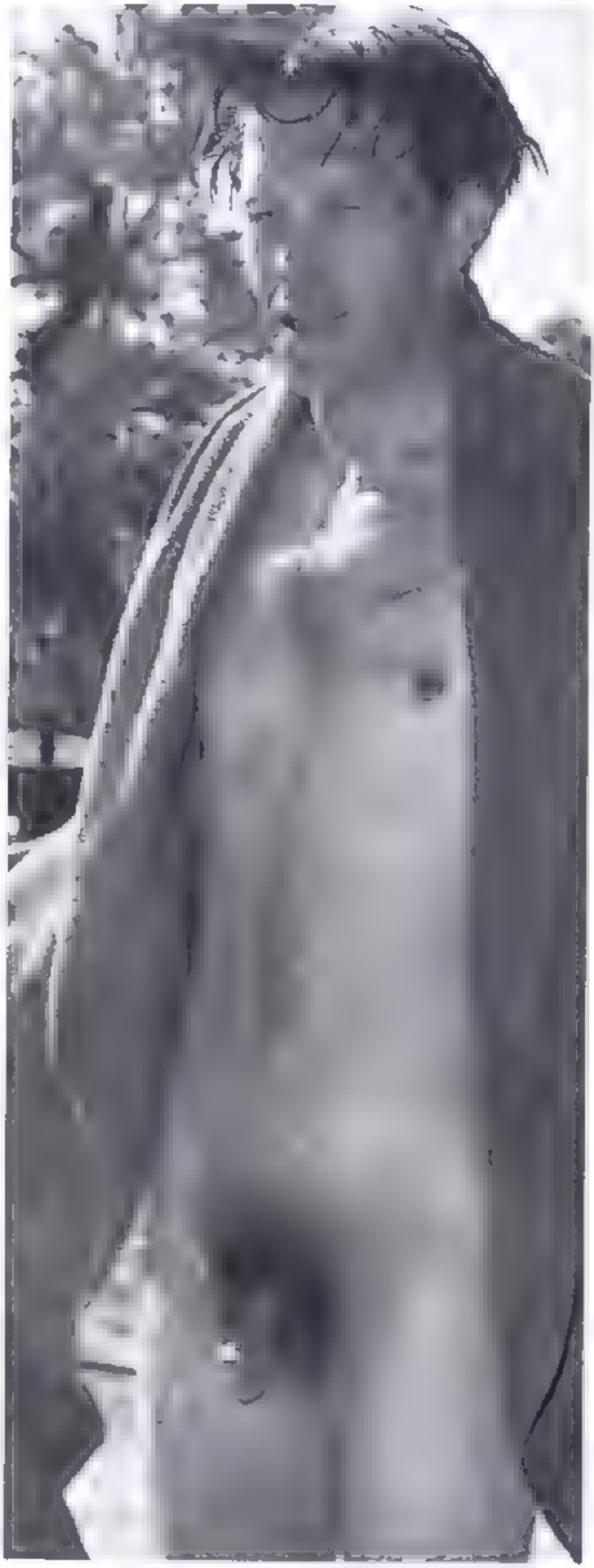


need only think of Isadora Duncan's modern expressive dancing as an example. But there are many others. One recent example was a performance by an American ballet company on Swedish television. The dancers were all nude

But there is something more beneficial to dancing in the nude than the mere beauty of well-trained muscles at play In her recent best-seller, Mrs. Huxley recommends that everyone dance in the altogether to gain a new mental outlook. It's sound advice, too, especially when we realize that most of our everyday clothing is nothing more than a mask, a costume that hides the real person.

What better way to get down to the basics of existence then than to run naked through the woods, filling our lungs with fresh, clean air and letting every pore of our bodies soak up the sunlight.

One does not need to be a professional dancer to find the exhilaration in nude dancing. For anyone, young or old, tripping the light fantastic in the buff opens whole new vistas on creative living.



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